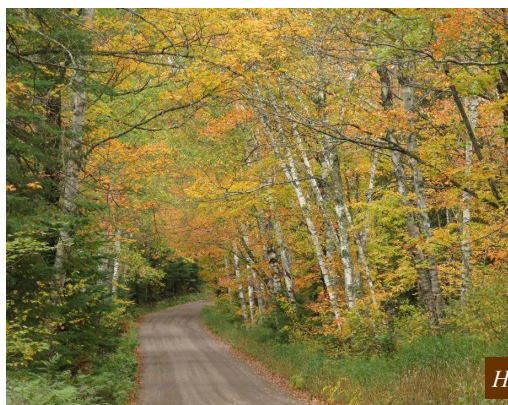


# Superior National Forest

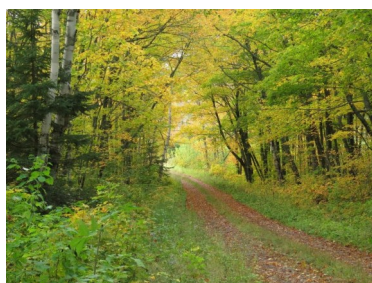
## Fall Color Report September 30, 2016

**“You guys are going  
somewhere or just going?”**

— Jack Kerouac, *On the Road*



Honeymoon Trail, Sept 28, 2016

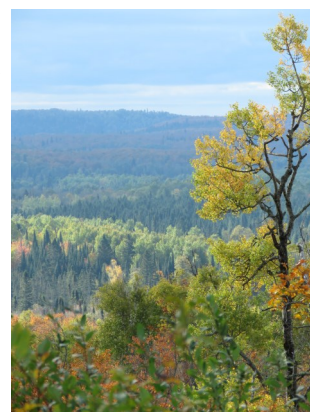


**Road. Trail. Path. Route. Byway. Track.** They lead from one place to another, sometimes in a straight line, sometimes in twisted confusion. Fall is a pathway as well, a route from summer to winter, leading us from hot, humid stillness to snow filled winds. And, like all good trails, it is not the origin or destination which matter, it is the path itself which matters.

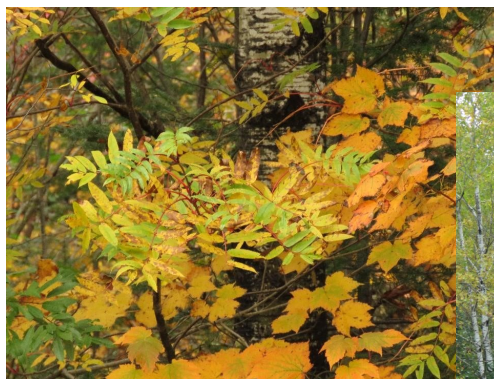
**I grew up in an era when gas was 23 cents a gallon.** A Sunday autumn drive, with no destination in mind, was considered a perfectly good way to spend the day. The windows were open – no A/C – and the smells of the outdoors blew through the car. The radio was usually off, only AM after all, but that was fine because the point was the drive, and the radio was just a distraction. While there might be no destination in mind, usually one popped up if we kept our eyes open. It was often a roadside stand selling apples in paper bags. There was a table full of samples of Firesides, Haralsons, and Jonathans, with a paring knife for you to cut off your own slice. No warning signs about sharp objects, no hand sanitizer or plastic gloves, because, after all, if you don't know how to cut an apple, it's your own problem. The air was heavy with the scent of apples, which along with damp leaves and smoke, is the smell of fall. Then, back into the car, eating apples, thinking of pie.



Moose Tracks



**I set out to take pictures today with a destination in mind - Hogback Lake.** It is a pretty little campground, boat launch, and trail system deep in the Forest, and is a favorite spot. But, along the way, the trip changed to a Sunday drive. The radio got shut off, the windows got rolled down, and the straight path that had been planned became something else as interesting side roads were explored, and lake shores investigated. Fall is like that. What seems to be a straight road to winter becomes a turning path of leaves changing and blowing down, rain mixed with sun, warm days mixed with frost. The journey from summer to winter becomes the important part, and the trip that started out too long becomes not long enough. I did finally get to Hogback Lake, and it was as pretty as I remembered, but most of the pictures I took were from along the way, taken sometime in the fall, sometime between summer and winter, taken somewhere on the road.



**This could be our peak weekend for fall color, and the weather looks great.** Time for your own Sunday drive – turn off the Bluetooth and radio, set the climate control to off, roll down the windows, and go explore!

